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The Voice Of The Muse.

Chas. C. Williams.

The Voice Of The Muse.

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Edith C. Williams.

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EDITH C. WILLIAMS.

DEDICATED TO MY BELOVED FATHER, HOUSTON GRAY,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE JANUARY 23, 1900.

REST IN PEACE.

PREFACE.

The true index to the character and civilization of a race or a nation is found in its literature. A good book or poem is priceless in value; the writer never dies. Any worthy effort along this line by Negro writers should be encouraged by all who have any race pride.

The author has earnestly striven for a number of years, with voice and pen, calling the attention of the race to certain existing evils so prevalent among them. Success has attended her efforts. She now sends forth this little volume of poems touching many phases of life and its duties, with no pretensions of literary merit, but with the deep yearnings of a soul full of ambition and love for the success of the race. This little volume is sent on its mission not for pecuniary gain, or cheap notoriety—but with the hope that some soul now groping in superstition, despondency, grief, discouragement, and disappointment may be made to look up and know that God lives and rules in the affairs of men and shapes the destinies of nations.

May this volume be given wings, and the world for its domain.

Read it for profit and strength,
Read it for love; and think,
Read it not to criticise,
But read, to reflect and utilize.

H. B. PEMPERTON.

8-1-'4.-1M.

Bishop College Print,
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—1904.—

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SWEET HOME SCHOOL.

When I went out to Sweet Home School.
One pleasant summer day,
The boys and girls came crowding in,
To learn their teacher's way.

The way that led to my little school
Was through a shady wood,
When entering on a broad old farm,
Behold my school house stood.

Around the school house scattered wide,
The dog fennel far and near,
Many cows and horses came,
To ease their hunger here.

The first day ten little children came,
And then the number swelled
Until ten was five times ten
And all were learning well.

Their ways were very strange to me,
Each one was full of fun,
They seemed as though they did not think
They came there to learn.

My writing class at Sweet Home
Was a very lively one,
The children thought it very nice
The way the work was done.

The advanced class was very apt
They learned their lessons well,
And often showed a lively face
When they heard the tap of bell.

The last week's work was done with spirit
Each one did their best,
They wanted to stand on merit
They knew they soon would rest.

SWEET HOME—SECOND TERM.

The old field at Sweet Home
Has partly been fenced in,
Instead of going straight across
You have to make a bend.

It was a long, long time
Before I had a mind,
To change my way across the field
And another road to find.

At last this conclusion
I began to make,
Down the public road I'll go
Across the way I'll take.

The school house it was partly changed
New blocks for it were cut
The window panes were all placed in
And strips thereon were put.

The children they with interest grew
To school they early came,
And each day as they came to school
They tried to learn the same.

SORROW.

Sorrow is a bitter cup
Though sweetness it may contain,
Although we hate to drink it up
Ere long it may remain.

It makes the bosom of a soul
Feel heavy, faint and sore,
But yet it comes, it comes and goes
We drink it o'er and o'er.

Yet every sorrow has its balm
That will the pain allay,
It makes a soul feel very calm
Renewed from day to day.

TO BE A TEACHER.

Oh to be a teacher
Is a joy on earth,
Your heart as the children
Enjoying all their mirth.

Such a pleasure in the morning
To greet their pleasant smile.
A greater joy at evening
To know we rest awhile.

To watch each one with interest
To love every one,
To feel they all are yours
Make rapture on the tongue.

No king who rules a kingdom
With his subjects all around,
Can have more joy than the teacher
Where their boys and girls are found.

The pupil and the teacher
For many days and weeks,
Are weaving ties of friendship
That no length of time can break.

They live to form a union
Stronger than iron bands,
For the cause of learning
Throughout our fatherland.

The pupil may be a teacher
But can ne'er forget,
The many happy hours spent beneath
Their teacher's watchfulness.

May you who are teachers
In this useful land,
Know your noble mission,
Take a braver stand.

SICKNESS.

How many human beings
Are there upon the earth,
Who can regard their sickness
As a blessing, not a curse?

Sickness is not an enemy
But a friend indeed,
Sometimes it stops the physical nature
And gives the mental nature ease.

When we are careless in our way
And will not stop to think,
It places us in our cozy room
Where we can meditate.

Sickness brings to mankind
More qualities that are good,
Than any other visitor
That meet us on life's road.

It brings to us patience
Sympathy woven in a chain,
Love bound with the strongest cord
And meekness we attain.

Sickness is a refiner
It often purifies the soul,
It is one of the entrance ways
To reach the Shepherd's fold.

Sickness is one of the gateways
By which we enter death.
Death is often a gateway
To reach eternal joy.

Let those who have sickness
Learn to bear it with patience
It may be for a good cause
Ere long it may remain.

ROSEBOROUGH SPRINGS.

A glorious spot this country has
For health and recreation,
At Roseborough Springs, the blessed place,
Oh, what a consolation!

Near Marshall, Texas, is the place
Where people crowd and gather,
With gloomy face they search for health
Return in joy forever.

A level tract with beautiful groves
With cottages so neat,

Where the invalid in search of health
Can rest their weary feet.

At Roseborough, just entering the shed.
There flows a colored fountain.
Where the dispeptic bows a drooping head
With doubts as high as mountains.

In search of health they came afar
Not knowing success they'd find.
A few days only glided by,
Behold that drooping mind.

For weeks and years they have suffered
For nourishment for their body.
Just as all hope in life was gone
The thought arose "Go forward".

To Roseborough Springs they hasten on
They reach this healing water,
In search of health more grand than wealth
They find they are rewarded.

There are other fountains just as great
Within the same enclosure,
For other ailments of mankind
Oh nature's great restorer.

The glowing breezes move with force
Around this watering place.
Everything for man's repose
Is given without space.

OUR BOY AND GIRL.

Little dark skinned, black eyed. curly head boy
That made our home such a joy.
His childish prattle from morn till night
Caused many smiles from faces bright,
His little stoop within the chair
Often caused mamma to say, 'Sit up There".

He was always welcome by mamma's side
When she worked or played or read the while.
Each book he learned to call by name,

And from its place could bring the same,
The Bible he did love to bring
And sit and hear his mother sing.

He always sat very quietly
When sister pondered o'er her book,
He knew when she should speak out nicely
And seemed to watch with great concern,
The way long hard words she learned
And how she did recite them.

Around mamma's neck his arms he'd throw,
And on her lips a kiss bestow,
"I love my mamma" he learned to say
Love sister, papa, grand ma, yea,
I love to go to Sunday School
There to learn the Sabbath Rule.

He has a mind for all his pets
His dogs and calves and little cats,
The pigs he always watch them eat
And know the horses by their feet.
Such is our three year old boy
Josephus Williams he is called.

Our little girl's name is Ida
She is always neat and tidy,
Though only five she is quite busy
In many a little household duty,
She has learned to sweep and dust the table
To wait on mother and watch the baby.

Ida has grey eyes and sandy hair
A smiling face and somewhat fair,
Her movements are full of grace
As she goes from place to place,
Skipping merrily all day long
As she tries to sing a song.

She can feed the calves, turn out the cows,
And read her book without a frown,
Can sing in a voice clear and sweet,
Spell hard words and make a speech,
Tell mama many a pleasant thing
About the baby and its whims.

The happiest thought in mother's heart

Is that Ada may grow up and be smart,
May be a nice girl without a spot
May learn to shun the evil spot,
Be a woman like Solomon says
Who brings joy and peace upon her way.

LOVE, A TIE.

Love is the secret tie that binds
The whole round world together,
Uniting souls that's far apart
In union, yes forever.

Love unites races here and there
Bound by the secret thought,
That the same blood fills the veins of one
That in the other's may be sought.

Love is the tie that binds
The nations far and near,
That makes them for each other feel
For each others need to care.

The tie that binds each mother's son
In a union great and strong,
Oftimes causing them to refrain
From treating each other wrong.

The tie that binds the church on earth
In union with its God,
That makes a pilgrim tread the path
In which a Saviour trod.

TRUST IN GOD.

The sweetest of all consolation
Is an unshaken trust in God,
The way may look dark and gloomy
But there's consolation in trusting His word.

In misfortune's darkest hour

With cheerful heart and mind,
Is the soul who trusts in his Maker
And hope in his promises finds.

To him who trusts his maker
No impossibilities crowd the way,
Always expecting to conquer
Though the time be not in a day.

Though separated from friends and relatives
From connection to them most dear,
Yet full of hope and true cheerfulness
Of no evil or danger they fear.

Like Joseph who was sold into Egypt
Like Daniel in the lion's den,
They fear no apparent danger
For in Heaven they have a friend.

Oh! that the whole world would trust Him,
Would bring all their troubles to Him,
Have the patience to wait on His coming
We would have a true settlement them.

INTEMPERANCE

Decay is seen everywhere
In a once beautiful home,
What demon creeps within the wall
Intemperance now has made a call.

In every place you see the sign
In every gate, on every vine,
Fences rottening, yards decaying
To destruction all are caving.

Horses move with weaker tread
They grow lean and drop their head,
They are cared for by intemperate hands
Rushed around they cannot stand.

The drove of cattle is growing less
Intemperance will not let them rest,
Today one leaves to buy some food
Tomorrow one goes for something else.

Mortgages, leins, bills of sale
Are hanging over should you fail,
Intemperance will sweep them up
Because he will not lose the cup.

A once proud manly face
Grows bleared, sad, filled with disgrace,
Steps that used to never falter
Are changed now they are altered.

A wife whose face was all smiles
That wore a look bright as a child's,
A care worn she now presents
Intemperance now leaves its imprint.

The children they must leave school
Where they might learn the Golden rule,
Some times they learn to earn their bread
In other ways sometimes they're led.

Poverty, shame and disgrace
Are left along where he traces,
These always follow in the track
Intemperance never, never looks back.

SPRING TIME.

Spring time is coming
I feel the sweet breeze,
Hear the birds a singing
From the tops of trees.

Bright is the day
Bright is the night,
Sunshine and shadows
A dew drop so light.

See the trees budding
Dogwood in bloom,
Red birds are chirping
From daylight till noon.

Grasses are growing
Over the ground,
Spreading green carpet
All the world around.

All things active
On land and sea,
Hear sound as music
'Tis the hum of the bee.

The brooks flow swiftly
The rivulets and rills,
Discharging their waters
Received from winter's fill.

See the dark earth
Upturned and sown
Soon you will see signs
Of the fast growing corn.

THE CANKER WORM.

Oh how I hate the Canker worm
A poisonous stroke he makes,
Spreading his cankered poison
On every leaf and steak.

The first appearance it doth make
Was not within the walls,
Upon the shrubs and bushes
It first doth make a call.

By the absence of the pruner
The canker worm did grow,
Its cankered poison spreading
In every narrow hole.

She drooped her head in sadness
Said, Oh! I have been deceived,
The canker worm has spreaded
Its poisonoes fangs between.

But God who all things knoweth
Had watched from time to time,
The canker worm's proceedings
On every leaf and vine.

For He will ever protect his own
From every dangerous harm,
He will be your friend
Your captain in the storm.

At last a good conclusion
The pruner began to make,
I will fast and pray to Jesus
The canker worm to take.

The canker worm began to feel
The power of that prayer,
Its shyness it began to show
In silence everywhere.

The pruner did continue
That faithful prayer to make,
Oh! precious Saviour
The canker worm to take.

And, oh my precious Saviour
Though the canker worm may stay,
I'll fast and pray to Jesus
Renew my prayer each day.

The pruner was wise
For both her eyes
Were opened on that day
She made a vow, I will watch and pray.

ADA'S HEROISM.

A noble soul was Ada Fields,
With disposition kind and meek,
Whose every movement showed no ill
Whose voice was modest clear and sweet.

Her aim in life was great indeed
She wished to reach the highest mark,
But patient in the time of need
And much encouragement did impart.

When brighest sun shone o'er her path
Hope seemed fresh as blossoms rare,
A sudden cloud gathered on high
Told of a day without a sky.

Without a sad thought or a blot
By accident she was shot,

No mother near to bathe her wound
No friend was near not very soon.

The children ran from place to place
Informing friends of her fate,
Left alone with none but God
We find her trusting in his word.

The blood it flowed with rapid sway
As though it would ebe her life away,
No earthly help to cease its speed
We find her falling on her knees.

We find her leaning by the gate
She asked her God to seal her fate,
To stop the bloods unceasing flow
From the depth of her inmost soul.

Ada said when she rose from her knees
The blood ceased its rapid speed,
Within her mind the thought appeared
The great physician now is near.

The earthly doctor filled his place
Prepared his work to do,
She was stretched upon his couch
'Twas sad this sight to view.

The right hand almost severed
So willingly is extended,
The large tears in her eyes
Her soul in God is blended.

See her breathe a prayer unto her God
And smiled as she looked up,
But did not say as Jesus did
Remove this bitter cup.

Ada said, "Doctor I know I must bear
I am trusting in my God",
She knew that He would make it well
The road that she must trod.

So fast asleep from chloroform
The doctor began his work,
Of breaking joints and cutting flesh
With a sympathetic touch,

When the work was done and all was o'er
The doctor aroused her from slumber,
Told her to awake, look at her hand
See her fingers what they number.

They number two, the third and last,
And that lonely thumb,
Which went to make the future nand
For thus the work was done.

She looked at it and praised the job
"So much nicer than I thought",
No such courage was e'er attained
Only by faith in our God.

She says, "Where is mother; has she seen?"
The mother's nerves had faltered,
She looked upon her mother's face
Said, "Mother, God will heal your daughter".

To see the faith that was displayed
Within the bosom of that soul,
Would make a christian think of Him
Who bore our mighty load.

THE MATED PAIR.

The mated pair that loved so well
Together they for years did dwell.
In happiness, peace and love
The emblem of two turtle doves.

But bye and bye the scale did turn
Confusion on the altar burned,
Peace took wings, flew out of sight
Hatred crushed love with all.

Oh! misery for the mated pair
Hope seemed suspend in the air.
One bosom heaved and sighed and groaned
Made by the other mate to mourn.

One whose whole object of her life
To bring disunion, to bring strife.
Struck the fatal blow between the pair
and laughed to think it was there.

But God to whom vengance belongs
Which He declares is His,
Will give that soul to justice's hands
When mercy no longer for her stands.

Oh wasted, saddened, sorrowful mate
Don't grieve so much at your state,
Be like Job, turn your eyes above
To God, who gives us all we love.

Our God is able to remove your grief
To fill your life with love and peace,
Your wasted flesh to place two-fold
Your saddened heart to make it whole.

Be like David, for your enemies plead
Ask your God to give you heed,
Trust, however deep the waters be
However far he seems from thee.

When God your faith sufficient tries
He will turn to thee, be on your side,
Your enemies while they think they stand
Will fall by God's all powerful hand.

JUSTICE FOR ALL MEN.

Oh! Great United States hail the day
When the true criminal finds the way,
Be tried for crimes he is guilty of
And not what some one suspects him of.

When crimes are done that are not clear
You gather men from far and near,
And upon suspicion, right or wrong
Destroy that life amid a throng.

Amid rejoicing, amid loud cheers
Some soul is hastened, cut short of years,
Wafted away to worlds unknown
An innocent, suspected soul is burned.

A few days only hastens by
What do we hear, what is the cry?
The wrong man was condemned and hung
Is borne by many a human tongue.

Go search the fields, the woods and towns
Search every neighborhood the country around,
We've executed the wrong man, we'll try it o'er
If we must take one from every door.

The papers herald forth the news,
Let every officer keep full view,
Of any bearing description as that
Dark complexion, wearing a slouch white hat.

Another suspected criminal is hung,
The news upon the wires are sung,
When lo! one with better resemblance is found
But innocent blood has stained the ground.

God looked upon Cain with many a frown
When innocent blood had stained the ground,
Ascended to heaven to make amends
Atonement for that awful sin.

Our God for justice remains the same
As He did when Abel was slain by Cain.
A patient Saviour pleads our cause
But we must give an account for all.

If all the blood of innocent men
Went up to heaven to make amends,
To God, for the injustice done
To innocent men beneath the sun.

It would move the heaven and the earth
And bring on men a dreadful curse,
Many a wandering restless soul
Would be banished from the fold.

Oh! God in mercy hear the cries
Of innocent men beneath the skies,
Cause the southland to stop and think
That each man's crime is black as ink.

That each must at the bar appear
For every crime transacted here,
All men's sins with Thee are great
Though he is white as snow or black as jet.

All men on earth thy image bear
All receive thy protecting care,
Each may on earth a crime commit
So why the courts of law are fixed.

TAPPING, TAPPING AT MY DOOR.

This midnight tapping worries me
  It divides my dreams,
It arouses me from my napping
  Amid the purest scenes,
But still it will not stop.

For years and years continueing
  These midnight hours to fill,
Not less than three nights in a week
  That rapid step upon the floor,
That tap, that tapping at my door.

Advice does not interfere
  Counsel does no good,
Reason will not put forth her voice
  Brave manhood is withstood,
And yet it still goes on.

Though snow may cover over the ground
  Jack Frost may spread himself,
The heavy clouds hang threatening low
  The rain may patter down,
That tapping still goes on.

Oh! weary wayward tapper
  Through many years to come,
Will you disturb these hours of sleep
  And break my sweet repose.
By your continual tapping.

Your health at risk
  Your constitution at stake
You rob yourself of sleep
  Youth is banishing before the time,
To give old age a place.

When I must sleep to wake no more
  This tapping no more to hear,
Will reason present herself
  Will she tap at your door?
And will you let her in?

True reason has a winsom way
  Her voice is always kind,

Wake up and seek her counsel now
Lend her an attentive mind.
She may be tapping at your door.

If reason's tap is left unheard
The day is nearly spent,
Reason will turn her back on you
She will leave you to your own accord,
Some other soul she will seek.

Why don't you rise, reach forth your hand
Say reason please come in,
I stand a waiting thankful one
That you have patient been,
She will come in.

If reason's tap is left unheard
And you look back o'er life,
To view the road over which you came
It will fill you with surprise,
To think reason yet remains.

TEMPTATION.

Temptation, oh thy powerful arm
Too strong for human hand,
If God his subjects do not guide
Temptation they can't stand.

When you are asleep she visits you
Invites you through your dreams
And when you wake she welcomes you
Makes things not what they seem.

Temptation does not relax her hold
As quick as moments fly,
If she fails in one attempt
Another she will try.

Temptation tells us to be brave
'Tis cowardly to shrink,
Unless you watch as well as pray
He will lead you to the brink.

No wonder Christ did watch and pray

Those forty days and nights,
To make the tempter give away
Beneath his shameful sight.

If we in life should ere avoid
So many sad mistakes,
We must not heed temptation's voice
Nor ere our God forsake.

Oh! God, I pray, remember all
Whom the cord of Temptation binds,
May thy watchword still finds its way
Oh Satan get behind.

WELCOME ADDRESS.

In a voice strong and clear
And in a winsome way,
I say to friends from far and near
Tonight enjoy your stay.

Take every exercises in at will,
A welcome chance is yours,
While you enjoy these pleasant scenes
With ease and sweet repose.

It is one night and not one year
These welcome tones you will hear,
So we will say without delay
You're welcome while you're here.

Take in the breeze that is passing by
In it there's welcome sound,
Our water to your thirst apply
Of which this place abounds.

We welcome you to look upon
The faces of boys and girls,
Who in the future fills a place
In the great business world.

In the school room is the place
Where we prepare for life,
That as we go out in the world
We meet both toil and strife,

I say to you both boys and girls
A welcome chance is yours,
Put in your time and do not miss
Ere this fleeting chance may close.

The golden moments passing by
Oh do not let them slip,
This is the time, prepare yourself
That you may never miss.

FALLEN WOMEN.

Oh! wretched fallen women
Has thou considered thy way?
Thou art weaving destruction
Each and every day.

When virtue is lost, the only gem
Which crowns true womanhood.
Has thou considered what is left
On earth, to make thee good?

Thou has departed from the way
Which gives thee peace on earth.
The only way which fills the soul
With comfort, joy and mirth.

Each day some heart is made to bleed
By thy unregarded ways,
Perhaps a mother's tender heart
For thee has watched and prayed.

As you hasten on the tide of life
Each step you make is downward,
Oh! fallen women, the shining way of life
Points upward, onward, yonder.

The holy scripture has declared
The sons of men are ruined,
Who are beguiled by thy charms
By thy bewitching tongue.

To be an object which God has said
The sons of men must shun,
Should arouse the sympathy of

Every woman beneath the sun.

We should unite both heart and hand
Persuade the fallen ones,
Win them back to the true way of life
Pointing upward to the sun.

A faint appeal from woman's lips
From woman's feeble tongue,
Return, oh! fallen ones return,
Pointing upward to the sun.

If thy steps have downward been
You have nothing now to do,
Turn thy back on the downward way
The upward way persue.

Just as you wreck some happy home
In youth's bright shining hour,
Some other careless, wreckless one
Will use the same vain power.

Too many happy lives are exposed
By thy degrading course,
Whose future might be filled with good
But for an evil source.

Sometimes strong men are made to grasp
Intemperance's evil hand,
Just because, oh fallen ones,
You broke the golden strand.

Sometimes in prison's sickening walls
Some one is bound for life,
All because, oh fallen ones,
Of thy continual strife.

Sometimes a soul is hurried hence
To fill an early grave,
Simply because, oh fallen ones,
You don't regard your ways.

Wisdom calls in solemn tones
She says, oh wanderer return,
Seek to make a better home
That evil way to shun.

Return! Return! at once return

Make up your mind that way to shun,
Awake within a promise make
At once the evil way forsake.

If you will not return from thence
The day will come you can't repent,
Your course must end in ruin and shame
For thus ends sin's most wicked reign.

SICK BED SOLILOQUY.

Have you lain upon your bed
Your body feeble from foot to head,
Saw the people come and go
Heard them say you will rise no more?

A fierce disease that body seize
They will never know no ease,
No cure on earth for them is found
No physic can make that body sound.

They are sending up their cries
They may, at least, before they die,
Let some one prepare a place
To nurse this feeble sickly face.

That face that looks so pale and thin
Will soon pass out to make amends,
Others whose interest in other confines
Go around and say they are doing fine.

Now if these sayings you have borne
You have worn some things that are worn,
You have wished the wish that the world might wait
Until you quit this mortal state.

THE PSALMS OF DAVID.

Oh the Psalms of David, written years ago,
Food for weary travelers on this earthly road.

Have you walked with burdens hard within to bear,
Just read of David and his noble prayer.

If ever you get discouraged on this earthly road,
Read the Psalms of David they will relief afford.

How when he was weary, turned his eyes above,
Sought his only helper, who was the God of love.

When his wicked enemies tried to do him harm,
How he sought his master leaned upon his arm.

Though it seemed he waited, David never feared,
He still trusted in Him, though delayed for years.

Day by day at morning, and at noon and night,
Sent his praises upward, to God far out of sight.

Through the Psalms he tells us, we must never fear,
Though our friends forsake us, God is ever near.

Though we ask for blessings and our God delays,
Never cease to trust Him, ask Him day by day.

Enemies may crowd upon us, seem they will cause our fall,
Do not feel uneasy, he is the God of all.

They may be spreading nets for our feet,
God will surely hear us, our sorest needs will meet.

Oh! saddened travelers in this world below,
Read the Psalms of David, read them o'er and o'er.

Read how he suffered, how he groaned and cried,
Read how he implored his God to be on his side.

Weary, worn and saddened, stooped beneath his load,
Yet in God still trusted and relief afford.

By and by says David, when had grown old,
His head had got hoary beneath the load he bore.

When God, in his mercy, heard his fervent cry,
Lifted him from sorrow sent his praise on high.

God is just the same today as he was when David prayed,
The Bible says he knows no change, he is the same though long he reigns.

THE CHIRP OF A BIRD TO AN INVALID.

That little bird when I was sad

Which came and sat so near me,
Its cheering notes unto my soul
Was sweet, they were consoling.

In my sorrow and my grief
I had been reading for relief,
Whils the October breezes blew so calm
That bird it seemed to hail me.

Its seat it moved farther off
Yet that warbling song kept singing,
Each note aroused in me some thought
That it sweet news was bringing.

Oh! that I were as the bird,
Could perch around and be heard,
And sing a song with word so free,
How happy, happy, I would be.

Not as a bird perched on a tree,
Out in the open fields I'd be,
Rhyming words to suit my case,
Singing tunes with ease and grace.

News of peace, of hope and love,
Of happiness that is from above,
To those who need inspiring words
That birds sweet song was gladly heard.

MAN'S BLESSINGS.

Why is it that man can't enumerate
The blessings God has given,
Until they all have fled and gone
And man to want is driven.

Let us enumerate them one by one
Beginning with the voice,
That gives tone to our speech
Which we can change at choice.

Robbed of voice man drolls out words
Or hisses sounds that are not heard.
Sinks in despair in his mind
Said Oh that my voice might find.

The vocal music that fills the soul
Of man oftimes as he stroles,
Alone on earth from place to place
Deprived of voice he meets a fate.

The eyes by which man can behold
The beauties of God that can't be told,
When robbed of these man must see
These glorious sights what ere they be.

The hands that are so dear to man
Without man a dependent stands
Can't help himself in many ways,
Upon this stream forever plays.

The feet by which man moves about
Upon which he feels strong and stout,
Without man must forever sit
Or hop about on rubber or stick.

The ears by which man can hear
If lost how strange man appears,
He is always making signs about
Which others can not well make out.

THE FIRST AND ONLY CHILD.

Their first and only child was dead
And they stood by the grave.
While a wan, sad and haggered look
Shone o'er their weary face.

The father stood near the grave
His hand upon the tomb,
Thought of his dear father who years before
Had gone where there was room.

No doubt his thoughts were wandering o'er
Many bright and happy hours,
Its presence made within their homes
Removed by God's own power.

With a stout and steady gaze
His head he never raised up.
It made one think that did look on

He drank from a bitter cup.

The mother's frail and fragile form
Did shake with inward grief,
While many tears stole down her cheek
Showed there was no relief.

No such grief she ever felt
A mother's own darling babe,
Wrapped all in shrouding clothes
Prepared to fill its grave.

While they were sad the earth was glad
Today she claimed her own,
While the heavenly kingdom did rejoice
And praise surround the throne.

The babe no longer wears a hood
Woven and made by man,
A glittering crown adorns its head
Not made by human hands.

If you would see your little one
Forget that little grave,
Turn your eyes up towards the sun
Trust Christ your soul to save.

So one day united you will stand
Before the throne of grace,
When you have done God's holy will
Have run your mortal race.

MISTAKEN LOVERS.

A lover lying in his grave
Who died not knowing the love he gave,
Was ever returned in the heart
Of her with whom he wished a part.

He died the death of a broken heart
A wandering mind that from the start,
Was caused by her whom he would win
For his true wife who should have been.

For her heart beat with a love as true
As ever man or woman knew,

But young and careless of her way
Never confessed to him the love she gave.

He married for the sake of having a wife,
Out of that marriage there came strife,
From discontent he roved from town to town,
Never again was he settled down.

Until a raving maniac he did rave,
From that he filled an earthly grave,
No more to grieve over unrequited love,
Perhaps his soul was called above.

Years and years have passed away
That heart still yearns day by day,
For that dead lover who never knew,
A heart for him was fresh as dew.

A deep sad and solemn thought
That careless ways had solely bought,
That lover covered with mother earth,
Never knew her heart with grief did burst.

Alas! for the lovers and their sad fate,
Each bore their part in life's true state,
The saddest thoughts with them are these,
Mistaken lovers are never at ease.

AROUND A COUNTRY HOME ON A RAINY DAY.

All nature seems full of life
Upon this rainy day,
The heavy foliage on the trees,
With water droop and sway.

The world, except where there's upturned earth,
Looks a solid beautiful green,
The sky all hidden from the earth
With heavy clouds between.

It is the day of the seven
When people rest and visit,
But they are hindered from all this,
By heavy rain and drizzle.

The howling dogs and bleating calves
Show their discontentment ever,
At the constant droping of the rain,
That seems it will stop no never.

Now and then some one is seen
Crossing the muddy waters,
Returning home from a Sunday trip,
Their clothes all damp and altered.

To see what God grants to man
For his earthly pleasure,
Shows that man should worship him,
Unceasing and without measure.

While writing thus the scene has changed
The droping rain cease falling,
The clouds disband and fly in flocks
Over streams of muddy water.

They leave the sky to gaze upon,
The earth all drenched with water,
While they, like flying birds at night,
Appear to seek a shelter.

THE MINISTER'S UNION.

The Minister's Union, a very small band,
That should be formed in every land,
For the strength of the ministers the gospel spread,
In all ages the blind must be led.

Would that the union would grow and grow
Until ministers were united from shore to shore,
Forming one great army to fight against sin
United thus the world for Christ they must win.

Be strong ye ministers of the Lord,
Unite against sin in one accord,
Forget to let denominational lines interfere
With the work of the Master given here.

May the ministers first unite,
Then let the churches cease their strife,
Let Christ as our captain, we as a race,
Serve God and work for the highest place.

Don't let Satan buffet nor his elects plan
  Weaken you, but take a braver stand,
By living right your strength will increase
  Your lives will end in joy and peace.

Shrink not from preaching doctrine strong
  The Lord will insure susternance along,
Though men appear more wicked than used to be,
  The true word of God they surely will see.

AN EXCURSION TRIP.

An excursion trip to the free home dinner in Luther, Oklahoma Territory, June 19, 1900, from Oklahoma City.

On the morning of June the nineteenth
  To Luther we are bound,
Over many happy faces
  Joyous smiles are found.

From Oklohoma City
  These happy excursionists went,
To the free home dinner in Luthur,
  Where on a pleasure trip they are bent.

The rattling of the car wheels
  Fills one with perfect joy,
While the great whistle noted,
  Luthur was not far off.

As we passed the little station
  Much cheering we could hear,
But we never thought a moment
  With our pleasure to interfere.

Prof. Page and Emmett Stewart,
  Lawyer Scott, the orators of the day,
While Mrs. Williams, a traveling one,
  Had words also to say.

Some for dancing halls were making,
  While the base ball carried a crowd
Others to the picnicing grounds were making,
  Where speeches made were loud.

At the close of the trip
To the train we did depart,
While the band it did follow,
And such music did impart.

We reached Oklohoma City,
Each one with busy tread,
To their homes each departed
To tell what they had heard and said.

BISHOP COLLEGE.

Bishop College, a great school indeed,
Planted in the south for the Negroes' need,
A small beginning she had at the start,
As a mustard seed she spreads afar.

Bishop's branches are spreading afar
And the colored youth as the stars
Are dotting each and every bower,
Seeking for knowledge the lever of power.

From President Culver down to Chaffee,
The wheel of time o'er Bishop has rattled.
Pushing along with steady turn
That the student more wisdom might learn.

With a few frame buildings the start was made,
Until time after time by the use of the spade,
The foundation was laid for several buildings,
Where you will certainly receive culture if willing.

Bishop not only a shelter for the colored youth
Will dispel darkness, teach the way of truth,
Yet professions and trades the role combine
Helping each true usefullness to find.

Her influence in Texas and other states
Is covering the masses with much weight,
In home and school and our church rule,
By the way Bishop her students enthuse.

Bishop situated on a commanding sight
Is the emblem of a great light,
A source of great intelligence
To raise the Negro to eminence.

Oh give thanks to the mission hand
That fosters this school in our land,
And for every avenue which opens up
To brace old Bishop in future work.

SHREVEPORT SANITARIUM.

Shreveport sanitarium long may it stand
In our fair southern land,
With such a great man, with such skill
To operate and manage with good will.

The fame of Schumpter has spread far and near
And many a sad face gathers without fear,
All races and colors like Jesus he cures,
Yet true te his profession, no life he insures.

See them crowding through the entrance way
The maimed and blind, the halt and the lame.
Each seeking relief from some of their ills,
They reach the sanitarium their wants are filled.

Well supplied with good specialists and nurses
These afflictions they bring that prove such curses.
Are soon subdued, brought under command.
I repeat the hope may the sanitarium stand.

Though the name of Shreveport has rung for years.
Of this sanitarium thousands never hear
But may the wonderful news continue to spread.
That through the sufferers may be led.

Though the institution doesn't bear a religious imprint,
We know this great good from God was sent,
May all employed with those burdens take part
Have the holy spirit planted in the heart.

God's grace alone can make our lives complete for the cares
That fall to our lot in this world to share,
Our hearts as Jesus filled from above,
For every human being we have a love.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON'S LIFE AND WORK.

Booker was born in a large old log cabin,
The floor was that of mother earth,
While his bed was not a stead but a pallet,
His covering mostly of rags.

See a little urchin clad in one garment,
Clinched by the strong chains of slavery,
Standing by his dear loving mother,
While she for deliverance is praying.

Winning the favor of his old master
Extra privilege is granted to him,
That of peeping into the big house
Which was a source of pleasure indeed.

On witnessing the tortures of slavery,
As his own beloved is whipped at the stake,
His little manly heart was stirred
With the sad thought of the Negro's fate.

Listening to his very first lecture
The emancipation of the slaves,
Yet child-like his interest seemed unnoticed
But its memory will last to the grave.

One of his first desires was for knowledge
As he watched others read the news,
His resolves were strong and unchangable,
The stairway of knowledge to view.

Booker is seen as a little boy miner
Decending the depth below the earth,
But by the light of his mining lamp
For knowledge he continues to search.

Hired out to a strict New England woman
Booker thought life hard indeed,
But the training he received from her
Made him in time succeed.

Behold! the boy with a slouch hat,
A little bundle tied to a staff,
Ploding along with bare feet
To a place he knew not where.

Making his way to Hampton Institute
For a place as a student he applies,
After careful thought and deliberation
The coveted place is not denied.

Not a school on our modern style
But one of a humbler mode,
Yet he was certainly sure
That a course of learning was the code.

After pursuing the studies in course
Building the powers of brain,
Collecting together such views
That in the future would establish his fame.

Now comes the day of all days
When Booker a graduate stands,
Making his first speech before an audience,
A place for life to command.

Enthused with a conquering joy
The sadest event of his whole life,
The loss of a mother so dear,
She ended a life of toil and strife.

Education never changed his idea
To toil willingly with his hands,
See him as a waiter at Saratoga Springs,
But one day as a guest he stands.

Let us follow him to the school room
With his ninety pupils or more,
Kindly and willingly training them
That knowledge has an open door.

Then arises the flame of ambition still burning
When West Virginia he must stump,
In the contest for removing the capitol,
The place gained for Charleston in three months.

Going back to Hampton again
Not a weary moniless boy,
A position now as teacher he fills,
Yes we know it filled him with joy.

From thence the call was now made,
By the citizens of Tuskegee's present site,

A place designed by the Alwise
Where Booker must raise for his race a light.

Here began the great Tuskegee
With only an appropriation from the state.
Booker must begin the foundation to lay
And begin the struggle with fate.

So eager he was to improve the mind
Of a race whose chances were slim,
That he began in a building so old.
That oftimes his umbrella sheltered him.

Interesting thoughts puzzled his mind,
That to master more in life
More of the student's time he must have,
To drill them in the rules of right.

The hand of death now plays a part
And takes from him his youthful wife,
Leaves him alone the struggle to bear.
Another sad page in his life.

From '84 to '94 Tuskegee shows steady growth
In possessions and students too,
Industrial work begins to grow
Different trades the students now pursue.

Another matrimonial step he makes
Miss Olivia Davidson's hand he takes,
A friend indeed she was to this school,
Pushing every interest, each golden rule.

In 1889 Mr. Washington's sun refuse to shine,
Mrs. Olivia Washington's frame doth undermine
With sorrowing tears Tuskegee grieves
Of one so true she is sadly bereaved.

Three loving children two unions leave,
For them their father great interest feels,
Portio, the girl; Baker and Davidson the boys,
For an upward life may they always toil.

His oratory two continents shake,
At his sound the nations quake,
At Tuskegee he would no longer stand

If he would go at each command.

See him opening up avenues for his race
By his manly views in many a place.
Yet not forgetting from whence he came
To elevate the negro is his aim,

He a turning sentiment doth make
Between a white and colored race,
Styled as a foremost Negro on American sod,
When he was once a barefoot boy.

His hopes in Tuskegee now realized,
All nations for her now sympathize,
Equipments worth 300,000 or a greater sum
Quite different to when she first begun.

A little more rest he now can have,
An endowment fund has been prepared,
Tuskegee's progress is now assured,
By great effort means has been procured,

Would that we had great numbers in each state,
To work with such energy the Negro to elevate,
Our progress as a race the world would tell,
That the Negro race is advancing well.

May he live long to fill his place,
Until men and women all over the race
Lift high the banner he has unfurled
And the Negro race is the pride of the world.

May Mrs. Washington stand by his side
While being tossed by the waves of life's tide,
May her health with her interest grow strong
May the bark in which she floats glide smoothly on.

May the influence of her mother's meeting spread
Until mothers to these organizations be led,
Until the mothers in every state
Will unite their efforts ere too late,

May all young men whose chances are slim
Take example of Mr. Washington, imitate his vim,
Let no discouragements hinder their progress
But step by step mount the ladder of success.

FANNIE'S FIRST WASHING.

Fannie, a little tot five years old,
Bending over a tub washing clothes,
See her with hand rub the spot most soiled
Then back to the wash board faithfully toil.

When bending her little form is double,
She rubs dub, dub, without any trouble,
She raises her little head her cheeks are red,
Her full large bright eyes in her head.

Water is scarce, her little arms pain
As she brings the little bucket from the spring,
But patiently she works at her task
Baby must some clean clothes have at last.

Though she wrings them with a backward twist,
It seems she would wrench her wrist,
Still at another piece she begins to rub
Wash, wash, bending over the tub.

With energy scarcely seen in one so small
One so young and not very tall,
Happy indeed to wash baby's clothes,
Very great interest for a little one to show.

Samie he thought it very right
For him to help so he waged a fight,
Captured the bucket then away to the spring.
With bucket in hand some water to bring.

FINIS.

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